

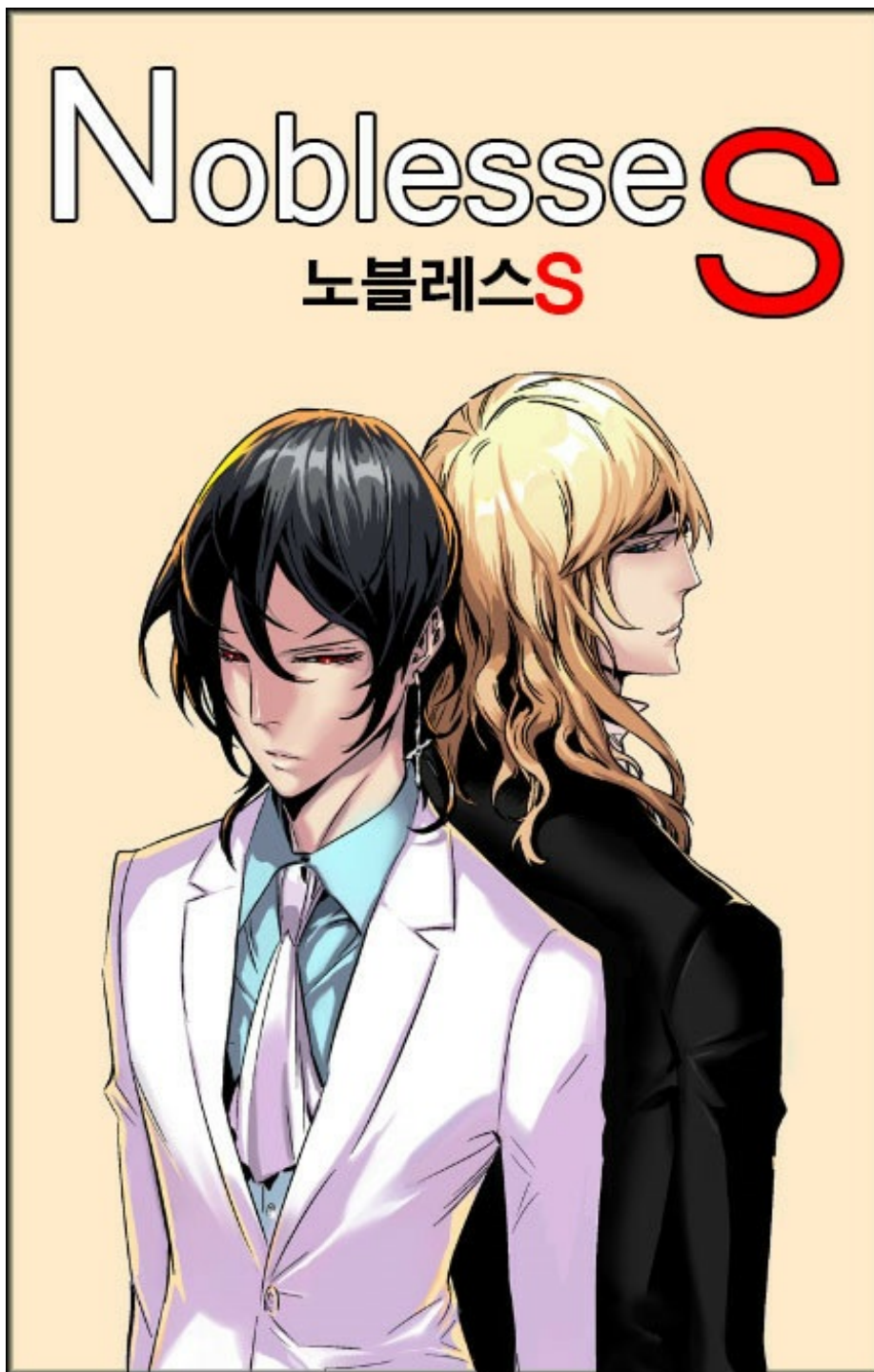


1.

Chapter 1 - A New Start (1)

Frankenstein's basement laboratory, 9th floor specially prepared room: D-Room.

Special metal walls lined the antiseptic room, perfectly isolating it from the exterior except for one gate to pass through the control system.



The same material that formed the walls appeared to have crafted a desk and a chair that rested in the room, and something that resembled a metal bookshelf at first glance was installed with one side next to the wall. Pieces of unique cloths filled this divider in an uniform arrangement of assorted colors.

In this special room, Frankenstein stood in front of the segments of cloth with a visible attentiveness.

He wore glasses that he had personally manufactured, and as a designer who lived and breathed a gentle chic, he had drafted his laboratory coat as well.



"Hmmm ~"

Sensing the texture with his fingertips, he slowly touched the cloths one by one, and after cautiously feeling several fabrics, Frankenstein said while nodding,



"Today, this one will have to do."

He selected a white cloth and carried it to the center of the room where he sat down at the table. A small box laid on the table, and he opened the lid. Exquisite needles of various sizes orderly lined the inside, and a few sharp knives glittered up at him.

Frankenstein picked up a needle, approximately the size of 6cm, with the tips of his fingers so that one hand held the white cloth, and one hand held the sharp needle. It may have seemed unbecoming for him to handle the cloth and needle, but considering the general air, Frankenstein was a highly skilled and natural sight.



"Haaaa~"

He slowly released his breath as he briefly closed his eyes.

- Flash!

In that instant, Frankenstein's eyes glowed.

- Shug shug shug shug.

His hand began to strike the needle through the cloth at a speed nearly invisible to the eye.

The needle sometimes moved intensely, sometimes softly, and sometimes as if falling into a rhythm. Despite movements detached from common sense, the composure in Frankenstein's face remained inexhaustible.

- Shooshooshooshoog.....

Under these swift movements, the meager cloth transformed into the shape of a jacket that radiated a delicate elegance.

- Shooshooshooshooshooshoog ~

Frankenstein's handwork grew faster and faster as he approached the finish. Now breaking out of this invisible speed, Frankenstein suddenly cast the apparel he was making high into the air.

- Flutter ~

Slowly, the jacket levitated in midair, and he reached toward it with his fingertips.

- Chuck ~ Chwarag ~ Chwarararag ~ to to to to ~

Then, as all the minor scraps of cloth that clung to it tidily fell off, the floating garment dispersed and revealed its shape.

- Chock.

The jacket landed on the fingers of Frankenstein's right hand. It was no longer the cloth from

before - it was a perfectly executed, lovely, elegance-emitting work of art in the guise of a white jacket. All of this had transpired in a split second, and his movements had been as smooth as those of a maestro performing music.

Setting his glasses covertly back in place with his left hand, he started to examine the jacket carefully. Even compared to the care he had demonstrated before he had sewn the article of clothing, his gaze was now all the more sharp since it would not tolerate the slightest defect...

- Flash!

His eyes lit up, and he knit his brows as he scrutinized the jacket.



"Oh my, this seam... an error of one millimeter!!"

His voice trembled slightly, and cold sweat trickled down his face.



"That I could make such a grave mistake..."

Blaming himself, a pained expression crossed his face, and unable to stand the sight of his failure any longer, he tightly pressed his eyes closed.



"I'll have to terminate this. I can't let Master wear such a thing,"

He murmured to himself under a little sigh.

As someone who worshiped the master, Frankenstein could never allow him to wear flawed clothing. Drearly, he flicked his fingers.

- cheeek ~

The ground opened beside the stool he sat upon, and without hesitation, he flung the clothing into it. The moment the jacket disappeared inside,

- Hwaaaaaaa ~

Huge flames shot up and burned it instantaneously.

- cheeek ~

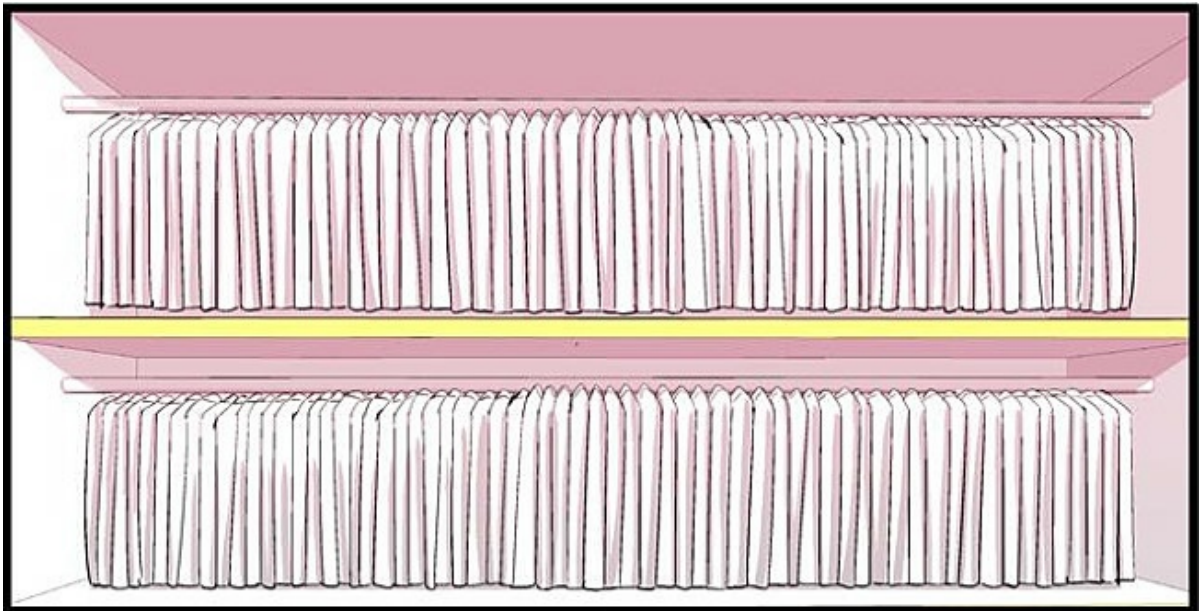
The door closed as abruptly as it had opened.

Frankenstein's eyes stopped at the electric clock on the wall. The time it read was 6:50 in the morning.



"Ah, it's this late already?"

Promptly getting off his chair, Frankenstein left the room.



In Rai's dressing room.

Beautiful, delicately polished marble blanketed the floor of the enormous room, and lights in the ceiling illuminated it so that it was neither too bright nor too dark. Ornaments from an archaic style of architecture embellished the interior of the room, causing the plain, rectangular shape to look outstanding.

The wardrobe extended over opposing walls, thus dividing it in two. In the upper section was outerwear; in the lower one, trousers hung tightly next to each other. One side housed shoes; on the remaining side, accessoires were displayed. A classical chair and small tea table adorned the center of the dressing room. In that chair, Rai lounged in a white shirt and dark trousers with his legs crossed, looking poised as he studied the exhibited attire.

- knock knock ~

With a knock, Frankenstein entered the room. He was carrying a tea set on a tray, which he set down on the tea table next to Rai, and graciously filled the cup with tea.



Hot steam permeated the atmosphere with the flavorful aroma of tea. With an affable smile, Frankenstein said,



“Master. Have you selected the ensemble you wish to wear today?”



“Hmmm...”

Rai supported his chin with one hand and, instead of an answer, let on a sigh. However, Frankenstein soon became aware of the meaning.



‘So Master has still not been able to choose.’

Even while drinking tea, Rai cautiously did not avert his eyes from one outfit in the wardrobe. The apparel that his gaze stayed upon perfectly matched the exact same design as all the other clothing that filled the room. Even up to the shoes...

White jackets and grey trousers.

Unbelievably, the suits that overflowed the luxurious and enormous dressing room were all the Yeran High School's school uniform.

Although their semblance appeared the same, Frankenstein had fashioned these himself, giving them minute distinctions. The clothing claimed variances in the quality of the material, the fit of the cut, and the method of sewing, ect. ect... These differences were not just one or two.

A soft smile emerged on Frankenstein's lips.



'Master is always so attentive.'

- ding-dong ~ ding-dong~

The sound of the doorbell could be heard from outside.



"Please excuse me for a short while."

Dipping his head respectfully, Frankenstein went outside. He headed for the living room and viewed the video phone's monitor.



"Chairman, it's us."

Ikhan stated with a lively laugh and drew his face near to the main gate's monitor. Standing in the center next to him, Yuna and Suyi wrestled with their hair. Shinwoo, who had fallen behind, looked groggy as he gave a long yawn.

It was 7:30am. Knowing why the children had visited this early in the morning, Frankenstein said,



"Wait a second, please."



"Yes, sir."

Ikhan answered expeditiously. Frankenstein turned his head as Regis and Seira arrived in the living room.

- creak ~

Now wearing the Yeran High School uniform, Rai opened the dressing room's door and strode out leisurely. Regis and Seira each acknowledged him with a slight inclination of the head as he walked in. Although it was just to a slight degree, the action showed utmost respect.



“...”

Customly expressionless, Rai accepted their salutations with a faint nod and wordlessly passed by without looking over. Such a simple reaction almost seemed as though he had ignored them, but although it was strange, it felt rather natural.

With his right hand lifted to his chest, Frankenstein bowed slowly.



“You have returned, Master.”

Nodding slightly, Rai also passed by him without an answer as Regis and Seira followed behind him.

- clatt ~

The entrance door slowly opened, and the children waited in front of it. When they saw Rai's group emerge through the door and come outside, they started to welcome them.



“Hello!”

Ikhan cheered brightly, fixing his thick glasses nimly with one hand.



“Uaaaah ~ hello.” Smack...

Shinwoo scratched his head, looking exhausted as he said hello.



“Ah, hello~ did you sleep well?”



“Oh? Hey.”

Acting flustered, Yuna addressed them while secretly pressing back some unruly hair, and Sui ceased applying gel to Yuna's hair just long enough to hastily say hi.

Seira politely answered them one by one with a bow of her head, and staring indifferently at them, Regis said,



“Hm. You all swarmed in so early this morning.”



"Today, I managed to wake up Shinwoo, and we met Yuna and Sui on the street. We'll all go to school together eventually,"

Ikhan easily clarified with a laugh.



"..."

Rai silently watched the kids.

Although they were not speaking with particularly loud voices, merely being together made the children boisterous. Their expressions, behaviors, and ways of talking each emanated life.



"..."

After observing them for a while, Rai stepped forward, and as he began walking, the kids also started to set off for the school.



"What should I do... I did not properly dry my hair, and now it's a complete mess. It shows no sign of settling down, Sui. What now?"

Yuna asked Sui while fingering her hair.



"It's a lot better, and in awhile it'll be okay so don't worry too much,"

Sui soothingly comforted her friend that it would be alright, but Yuna sighed deeply.



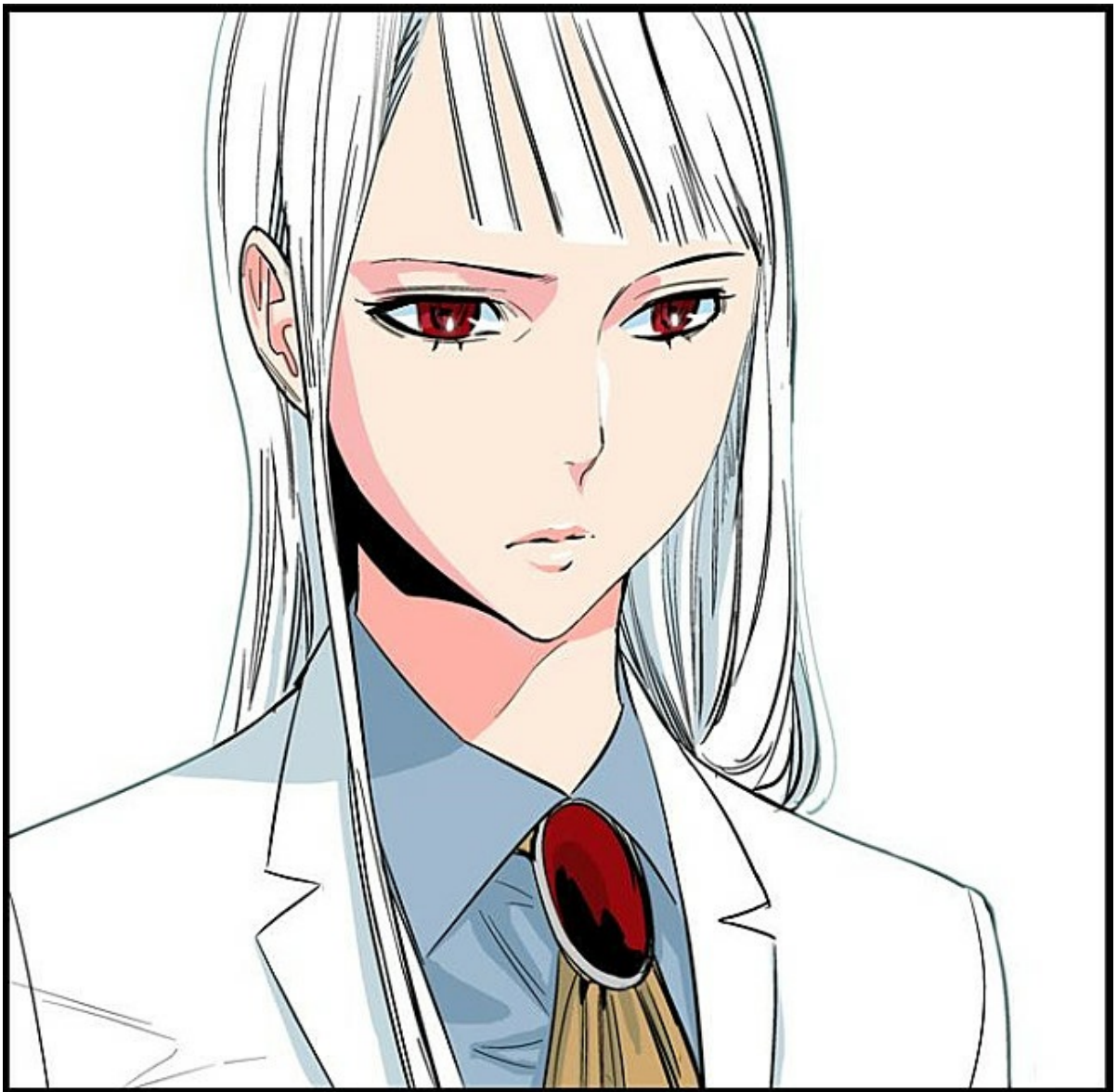
"Haa~ I slept with wet hair and now..."

After she said it, Yuna looked over at Seira.



"How does Seira's hair always fall like that..."

At Yuna's words, Sui as well cast a glance at Seira, and her gaze immediately turned to jealousy.



Seira's beautiful, silver hair descended to her waist and waved in time with her calm steps. Every now and then, the morning sunlight would sparkle across her shimmering hair. Sui and Yuna's eyes could not leave her.

Paying no attention as they two gaped, Seira straightened her back and, staring forward, continued to walk passively.



"How does Seira usually care for her hair so that it looks that good? What Shampoo does she use?"



"I'm curious, too, since I receive professional care daily because of my work, but mine still does not look as good as Seira's."

Following Yuna's inquiry, Sui could not keep herself from asking as well.



“?”

The question sounded cryptic to Seira, and she tilted her head for a moment because the only thing she knew about this substance called “Shampoo” was that humans used it when they washed their hair.

Power-wielding nobles like Seira could use their abilities to remove anything unwanted from within their bodies so that she had no need to wash her hair separately. Of course, she sometimes wanted to feel the sensation of water coursing through her hair, and then she would wash it but...



“I do not give the maintenance special concern, and I do not like to use chemicals...”

Yuna and Sui shook their heads in disbelief at Seira’s reply.



“That it can look like that without care... So, what you mean is that you use something like a chemical-free, natural shampoo?”



“Really, everything in the chairman’s house is unusual, including the shampoo! That someone with such naturally good hair would also use nice things like a natural shampoo...”



“You said it. Haaa~”



“??”

Seira tilted her head as Yuna and Sui’s lamentations grew increasingly incomprehensible to her. Ikhan, watching the endlessly yawning Shinwoo, asked him bleary-eyed,



“Shinwoo, how long did you play?”



“After we played together and you left, about three more hours?” ... smack.

Ikhan was shocked by Shinwoo’s answer.



“Then you had almost no sleep!”



“That could be it! Somehow... I found myself really tired. Yes! There was nothing wrong with me,”

Shinwoo mumbled to himself as though he had not realized this until now. After listening to

their conversation, Regis said as in a condescending tone,



"Humans need to receive sufficient sleep since, if they don't, their bodies are bound to end up in poor states. To put it simply, Han Shinwoo, they end up in the very state you are in now. Today, there is an important appointment called school, and that you still could not take care of yourself? Such an attitude towards studying..."

As Regis scolded them in his characteristically prideful manner of talking, both Ikhan and Shinwoo broke into cold sweats and tittered uncomfortably.



"..."

According to habit, Rai quietly walked along the road with a placid countenance.

The children could not stop chatting all the way to school, and the reaction of the surrounding passersby went unchanged as well.

Unable to take their eyes from from them, everyone who saw Rai got swept away, absentmindedly slowing to a standstill. The few who regained their senses and turned their eyes from him only escaped to space out once again at the sight of Regis and Seira.

As the children neared the school and the number of students increased, this effect arose less because people were accustomed to seeing them at school, but in the same way, the students as well could not readily turn their eyes from them.

Upon passing through the school gate, the children found their class teacher, Pedro, standing with his hands clasped behind his back.



"Good morning, seonsaengnim."

[Seonsaengnim: The honorific way to address a teacher, like the Japanese "sensei."]



"Good morning ~"

When the kids greeted him with a bow, their teacher took notice of them, as well.



"Ah, right. You came."

The unkempt Shinwoo caught Pedro's eye.



"Ah, and Shinwoo is not late today. Keu ~ That pleases me. At least today, I won't have to be embarrassed in front of the other teachers. It's famous. When his homeroom teacher is at the gate, Han Shinwoo is late by almost a hundred percent probability."



"Haha..."

Pedro laughed heartily, and Shinwoo scratched his head, giggling awkwardly. Suddenly, Pedro's laughter was wiped away, and he cleared his throat.



"Hmhm~ In any case, see to it that you get to the classroom quickly."



"What?"



"The gate's crowded because of you."

At Pedro's words, the kids surveyed the proximity.

Students had stopped progressing toward the school and had gathered near in order to watch them. No, to be precise, in order to gawk at Rai, Regis and Seira.

Nodding in the direction of the building, Pedro gave them a signal to go inside.



"Haha..."

Laughing, Ikhan and Shinwoo as well as Yuna and Sui took off for the classroom. Contrary to them, Rai, Seira and Regis, maintained their typical visages as they ambled indifferently.

Once inside the school, the children's faces brightened when they spotted M-21, Takeo and Tao walking in the distance.



"Hello~!"

Shinwoo and Ikhan called out at the same time, and the trio's heads turned simultaneously toward the kids.



"Good morning."

Yuna and Sui also said hello with a bow.



"You're here?"



"Oh, you all came together today?"

Tao waved, welcoming them with his question, and Takeo gave them a warm smile. Unlike them, M-21 only carried a cold demeanor, pressing his mouth shut, but the children had grown used to his behaviour and absolutely did not care.



"Where are you going?"



"This time we're the outside patrol group. We're going to relieve the previous group."

Tao's face radiated cheerful exuberance as he explained Ikhan's question.



"Aha~"



"And you just now came?"



"Yes."

Tao's sight slid to Shinwoo.



"Shinwoo, you don't exactly look awake."



"Haha~ I've been so busy, and at some point, I realized that I couldn't sleep so..."



"But Shinwoo, you're like this every day."



"Euk..."



"Hahahaha~"



"Tao."

M-21's frosty voice interrupted the conversation. At this interjection, Tao cut off his chitchat with the kids in order to check the clock.



"Ah, sorry. We have to leave soon. We can't be late for our shift."

Departing from the area, the trio's eyes wandered to the side where Rai stood.



"..."

As their eyes met Rai's, they slightly bent their heads at a speed that wouldn't allow anyone to take notice and hurried from the place.



"See you later, Hyungs~"



"Listen well in class~ and listen to your teachers."

Although they got caught up in a rushed swirl, Tao and Takeo turned to happily wave their hands. As soon as they turned around again hurry away, the kid's shout came from behind.



"And see you, too, Ahjussi!"



"Pffttt~"

Tao and Takeo concurrently burst into laughter.



"Ehm..."

Sweat drops appeared on M-21's previously chilly face as he groaned. And...

~grin~

Regis, standing soundlessly among the children, had a peculiarly strange smile forming in the corners of his mouth.

- tak tak tak tak...

Pedro busily wrote something on the board that the students diligently copied. Ikhan frantically moved and clicked his mouse at an inconceivable speed. Shinwoo, strongly confident that his friend in front of him would give him cover, slept face down on his desk.

Yuna and Sui assiduously jotted information in their notebooks; Seira and Regis also took notes from their textbooks while sitting as upright and undisheveled as was to be expected.

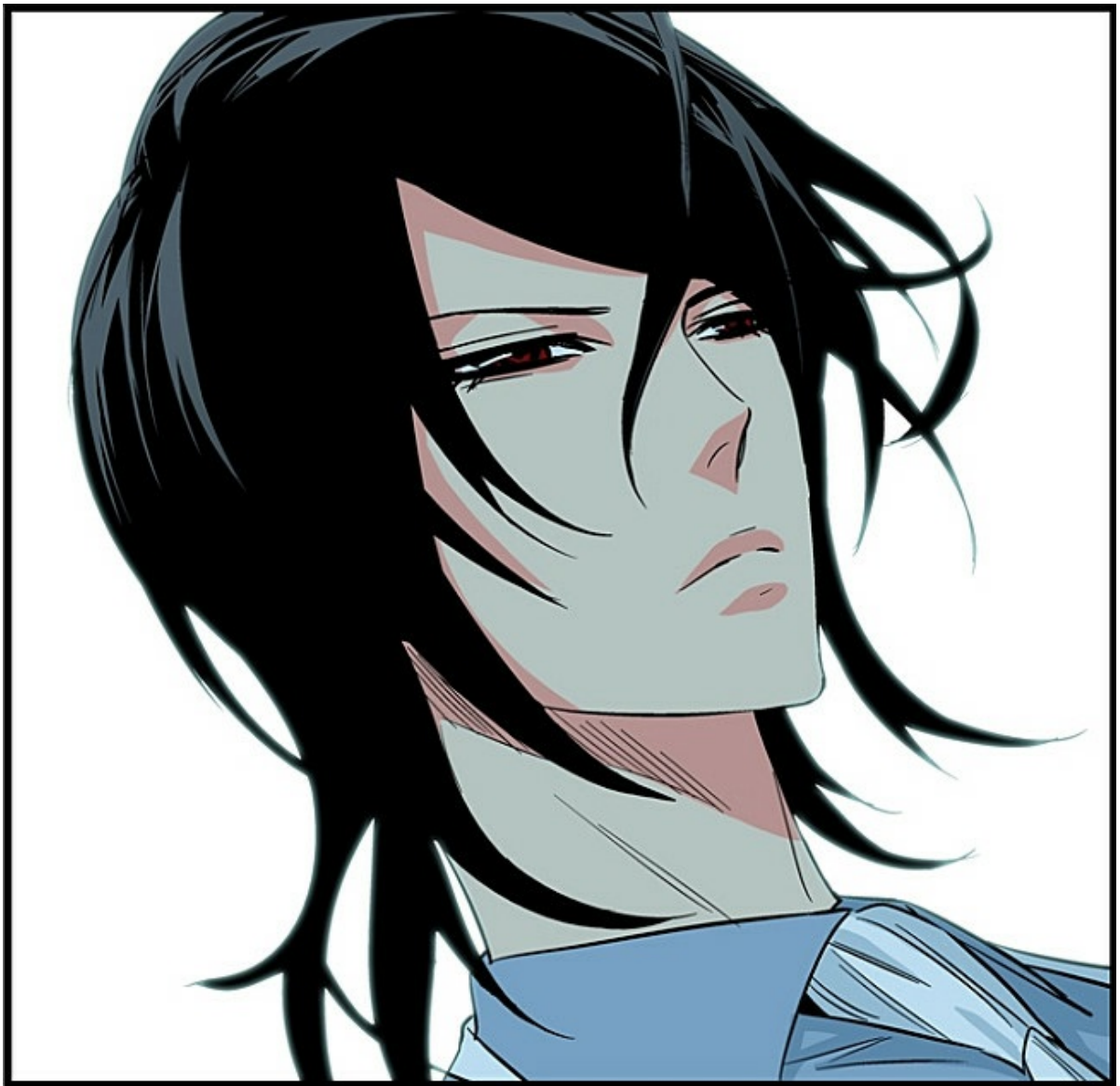


“ ... ”

Sitting in the very last seat beside the window, Rai had turned his head and was silently peering through the window. His eyes moved bit by bit, looking at the children who took physical education lessons on the field, at the neighboring buildings and forest, at the azure sky and dazzling sunshine...

- huuiiii~

A cool breeze blew through the open window, gently swaying Rai's black hair as it passing by, and even if just for a brief moment, his eyes slightly narrowed.



“Ah...”

A faint sound of awe escaped from Suyi's mouth, and she was unaware that her face burned.

She had unexpectedly turned her head just in time to glimpse the wind wave Rai's hair.

Although someone's hair being tossed by the wind isn't exactly a marvel, the image of Rai just now would have made anyone's heart skip a beat.

Unable to tear her eyes from Rai, Sui leaned in close to Yuna, who was sitting in the row in front of her, and said,



“Hey, Yuna.”



“Hm?”

Yuna stopped writing and turned around.



"Rai, you know... Isn't he looking really great?"



"What?"

When Sui said this all of a sudden, Yuna was confused for a moment, and she also subconsciously took a side glance at Rai.



"He's Rai. Why..."

She, too, blushed when her eyes encountered him. They always spent time together, but they had not yet adapted to the sight of him. If they looked at Rai thoughtlessly, they could not help but feel their hearts flutter.

Sui rested her chin on one arm.



"Seira and Regis as well... I don't know where such kids came from. Did you notice how all the people stare at them and Rai all the time?"

Yuna recalled all those people's reactions to when the three of them had showed up in front of their eyes and nodded.



"Yes. But, well... Sui, isn't this difficult for you?"



"Why?"

Sui asked as she tilted her head.



"You're the famous entertainer, but..."

Yuna carefully let the end of her words fade. Sui grasped what Yuna seemed to imply and giggled.

What Yuna had omitted was to inquire whether it might have troubled Sui that people set her, the hottest, new celebrity, aside to only care for these three?



"Actually, I'm comfortable this way. I feel less watched... And even if I weren't, it wouldn't matter. What's normal about these kids, after all..."



"Keek~"

Sui's joking tone made Yuna burst into laughter.



"Who was that?!"

Pedro, who had been writing up to now, abruptly spun around at the sound of her laugh. After their chatter a moment ago, Yuna and Sui flinched. Pedro's eyes were gleaming as his pupils moved from here to there.

- BANG!

With a huge crash, a chair flew backwards and rammed the ground as Shinwoo leapt to his feet.



"Yes! Han Shinwoo!"



"..."

Everyone could only stare at Shinwoo in astonishment. After sleeping on the desk, he had unexpectedly knocked his chair to the ground as if he had meant to hurl it down and called his name in a shout that sounded more like a scream...

Actually, Pedro was surprised, too, and he felt his heart pounding with one hand on his chest.

As though he had never been sleeping, Shinwoo stared straight at Pedro, but his eyes were bright, bloodshot red, his face still held traces that some unidentifiable object creased into it, and the corner of his mouth was smeared with saliva. It was humanly impossible to come to such a state by dozing off for just a minute or two.



"Oh, come on..."

Ikhan shook his head with a sigh.



"Hng."

Regis snorted, smirking as though the situation was somehow pathetic.



"W.. what shall we do...?"



"What now? Because of us Shinwoo... and all without a reason..."

Sui and Yuna whispered with their mouths covered, looking completely at a loss.



“...”

Seira stared at Shinwoo with a blank expression and...



“...”

As though the noisily crashing chair had never been of interest to him from the start, Rai was still looking out of the window.

Still watching Shinwoo, Pedro said,



“Han Shinwoo.”




“Yes?”



“Come here.”

Thread: Noblesse S Translations

 forum.egscans.com/threads/7350-Noblesse-S-Translations/page2

1.

Chapter 2 - A new start (2)

[Ding Dong ~ Dang-Dong ~]

The bell rang, sounding through all of the speakers simultaneously, and set not only their classroom but the whole school into motion as students, worn out from hunger, left for the hunt at lunch time. Leaping from their seats, the kids in the classroom scattered toward their respective hunting grounds.



"..."

Gazing down through the window, Rai watched the droves of children drift out of the building as they traveled somewhere.

The sight of them reminded Rai of things so long ago. For the survival, growth and development of their species, humans had put their lives at stake to seek nourishment. Human history had begun that way, and that way it has remained. This much has stayed unchanged from then until now.



"Uhaaam"

Shinwoo rose and stretched with a yawn.

[ttududug]

His neck emitted bizarre noises when he reached for it.



"Ah, ya, ya, ya~! The side effects of that headlock from seonsaengnim earlier..."

Dropping onto his chair again, Shinwoo writhed in his desk. Suyi and Yoona drew near with worried expressions.



"Shinwoo, are you okay?"

At Suyi's inquiry, Shinwoo forced a smile and shrugged.



"Huh? Oh yeah. Haha ~ my neck's a little stiff. Not enough to worry about."

Yoona likewise felt remorseful but didn't know what to do.



"I'm sorry. When we were gabbing... When our seonsaengnim said he heard us, it made you jump up in vain..."



"Eh, I said I'm fine."

Even though Shinwoo said he was alright, Suyi and Yuna couldn't tear their guilt-filled eyes from him as he massaged his neck.

Ikhan approached Shinwoo with a skeptical look.



"How's this your fault? Sure, he jumped up from from his sleep in vain, but if he had to get up, did he have to pull that stunt? I nearly had a heart attack because that guy knocked over his chair."



"I was surprised as well. Although just for an instant, I had thought that he had dared to purposely throw his chair to the ground during teaching time when we receive instruction. Of course, about you, such accidental behavior is typically understandable."

Regis agreed with Ikhan in a similar tone.



"Hahaha~"

Shinwoo slurred over his shame with an evasive laugh. Ikhan looked at everyone else and spoke,



"I'm starving. Let's hurry up and go eat."

Yoon and Suyi nodded at his proposal.



"True. I'm hungry, too."



"What shall we eat today?"

As the group started to discuss the day's lunch, Shinwoo suddenly sat down on the desktop and crossed his legs in a shaky stance. He raised his chin and gazed down at them ostentatiously with his arms folded across his chest.



"Hey, guys."

At his call, Ikhan, Suyi and Yoon stopped talking about their dining options and turned towards Shinwoo as did Regis and Seira. Rai's eyes also left the window and wandered to him.



"Heh..."

Ikhan exhaled a long sigh at Shinwoo's excessively arrogant attitude.



"Shinwoo, what's with you now?"



"Hu~ Today, it's my treat."

The words were completely unexpected from Shinwoo, and they left Ikhan, Suyi and Yuna astounded.



"Really?"

Shinwoo giggled at Ikhan's question.



"Yeah, Ikhan, this hyung will take care of you."



"So your father sent you spending money?"



"Oooh~ So you came into an ample supply of money now?"

At their words, Shinwoo swept his hair aside and gave an oily smile.



"Yeah. Yuna, Suyi, rely on this oppa, will you?"

Having watched this thus far, Regis spoke up,



"How displeasing. This is not worth any concern."

Contradictory to the perturbed manner in which he spoke to Shinwoo, Regis slightly bowed his head toward Rai with courtesy.



"Shall we go?"



"..."

Rai stood and immediately departed. Regis and Seira followed him, and the other kids also walked away from Shinwoo.



"Let's just go. We'd better get something to eat."



"Yeah. We should."

Ikhan, Yoon, and Suyi followed Regis through the classroom door as if they didn't need to hear more and left Shinwoo alone to maintain his prideful facade...



"Oh?"

Taken aback, Shinwoo quickly hopped up from his desk and hurried after them. Then launching from the ground, he hurled himself onto Ikhan's back.



"Ey~ What's up with you? I'm just pulling a little prank! Haha~"

Shinwoo had sent Ikhan reeling by suddenly hanging from his back.



"Ugh! What are you doing? I almost fell!"



"I already said I'm kidding~"



"Yeah, I know, get off. Now!"



"Hoohahahaha~!"

Despite Ikhan's disconcerted shouts, Shinwoo still refused to let go. Laughing, he clung to Ikhan with both arms, and the noise of their uproar reverberated down the hallway.



"Hoho~"

The two boys made such a sight that Yoon and Suyi burst into laughter.



"Haa~"

With a long sigh, Regis closed his eyes for a moment, and although standing right next them, he and Seira silently left for the cafeteria as though they hadn't been in their company at all.

The moment they entered the cafeteria, students began to cast glances at them. People eating broke from their lunches; people talking broke their conversations to mindlessly ogle Rai's group.

Accustomed to the attention from the other students by now, Shinwoo remained unconcerned and courageously lead them to the counter side.



"Well~ choose what you want to eat."

Smiling confidently to his friends, Shinwoo reached into his pocket.



"Oh?"

At that moment, embarrassment crept in Shinwoo's voice.



"What?"

asked Ikhan, but Shinwoo only quickly stuffed his hands into each of his pockets as he started to look panicked.



"Huh? That's weird..."



"Shinwoo, what's going on?"

Suyi commented Shinwoo's behavior.



"My wallet's gone!"



"Eh?"

Ikhan's expression turned incredulous as Shinwoo absent-mindedly muttered his answer to himself.



"I definitely had it a minute ago."



"You didn't lose it by any chance?"

In response to Ikhan's question, Shinwoo shook his head.





"That's not it. Oh!"

Shinwoo instantly looked up as if the thought had just come to him.



"I didn't take it out of my bag. It's still in there... What now?"



"I didn't take mine with me since you said you'd pay, Shinwoo,"

Ikhan grumbled.



"Me too. I had it in my bag, but I thought it would be fine this time so I came without it... Usually, I always have it with me. Why not now of all times!"

Yuna muttered, too.



"Well, it can't be helped. So, I'll..."

While Suyi spoke with a smile,

[tap]

Rai tread one step forward, and everyone's eyes immediately flew to him.



"Rai, what?"

Ikhan asked. The next instant, an idea flashed through his mind, and he continued swiftly,



"By any chance... Rai, do you want to buy?"

[Nod]

Rai gave a nod instead of an answer.



"Ooh~ Really?"

When the children showed their surprise, Shinwoo said,



"Come on. No you don't, Rai. I incited you to do this from the start, so let's do it like this. If you lend me the money now, when we return to the classroom-"

[Slide]

Rai silently interrupted Shinwoo's words merely by slightly lifting his hand. A simple act, but it felt strangely hard to argue any further.



"Ahem~ So....I'll get it next time,"

Shinwoo replied while uncomfortably clearing his throat.



"Fair enough. Then let's choose our meals."



"What shall I eat~"



"Maybe Kimbap..."

Excited about their choices, the children investigated the menu board, but at that moment-



"We will all unanimously have Ramen."



"Huh?"

This statement spoiled all of their plans, and their heads snapped around to face Regis. He met their eyes with composure and raised his chin in his usual pretentiousness.



"What are you saying?"



"Yeah. Rather than ramen, I was thinking of jjolmyeon today..."

[One of the most popular noodle dishes in South Korea]

Getting all worked up, Shinwoo and Ikhan tried to take Regis to task, but Regis' voice arose once again, cutting off their words.



"Ramen conjointly. The lot of you... you have no right to choose."



"..."

They fell silent under his glare.

It was as he said. They did not have any entitlement to choose something else over ramen since Regis' decisiveness had just taken it from them.

[Gulp~]

His determination made Ikhan and Shinwoo's hearts sink gradually.



"Y-Yeah. Ramen sounds good."



"Rather than jjolmyeon today, I think ramen hits the spot."



"E-Exactly."

Both of them hastily corrected themselves.



"Suyi, what sort of ramen shall we have?"



"Not sure. They all look delicious; it's hard to choose. Ha ha..."

Yoon and Suyi were already perusing the menu for ramen options.



"We would like seven orders of classic style ramen."

But Regis was already placing the order.



"..."

Unable to put up a resistance, the children could only stare blankly at Regis. The woman behind the counter who took the order shook her head.



"Classic style? You mean common ramen?"



"That is the case."



"It's funny how foreign students speak so formally. Ho ho ho ho~"

The woman said, laughing heartily.



"..."

Unlike the pleasantly smiling woman, the children felt a cold sweat on the backs of their necks. The various kinds of ramen could be considered very different due to this or that extra ingredients. That Regis had determined things for them, denying them the chance to choose even that, left them at a loss for words.

Yoon and Suyi whispered together.



"Regis is usually never like this, but strangely, he's a little aggressive when it comes to"

Rai.”



“Oh, you think so? Ah, when you look at it that way, it’s the same around Ahjussi.”



“Ah, true! When Ahjussi is involved, he’s a little like this, too.”

Upon recalling how Regis occasionally bickered with M-21, Yuna and Suyi both nodded in agreement.



“That’ll be 7,000 won.”

Regis stepped aside at her words, and Rai strode forward to the counter. Standing in front of her, he slowly took something from his breast pocket.



“Wow!”

Everyone who was watching involuntarily exclaimed in admiration. Even the lunch lady reacted in the same way. What Rai lightly held in his fingertips was a credit card.

It was extraordinary, colored gold and consisted of a luxurious material. Even on first sight, it appeared to be different from just any normal card, and in Rai’s hands, it seemed to shine even more.



“Ah...”

Without knowing the reason, Regis felt true adoration.

The lunch lady’s trembling eyes slid from the card to Rai, and she slowly opened her mouth.



“But, Student, the school cafeteria can’t accept credit cards.”



“...”

Silence churned turbulently for a moment.

Perfectly right. The cafeteria had no card reader since, unlike universities, high school students were not expected to use cards.



“In the cafe, where the teachers go, it might be possible, but here, where only students come...”



“...”

Despite the kind explanation the woman had offered, Rai still stood in silence with the card outstretched.



"Rai, I guess you'll have to put it away."



"Y...yeah, Rai."

At their words, Rai slowly sheathed the card with the same dignity with which he had taken it out. He might not have been able to achieve his purpose, but as he stood back, he looked beautiful, nonetheless.



"Did the chairman give you that card?"

[Nod]

As Rai nodded in response to Ikhan's question, Suyi smiled and reached for her wallet.



"So, it can't be helped. Shall I, then?"



"Stop it!"

A sharp cry.

The startled children stared at Regis, their eyes asking what it was this time. Regis faced them outright, looking straight at Suyi.



"Put that wallet away. This is no matter in which you should interfere."

Nothing in which they should interfere... Although they wanted to ask what this meant, all of a sudden...



"Yyyees..."

At his ferocious aura, Suyi instinctively let her wallet slowly disappear. Although the other children surrounding them weren't holding their own wallets, they still moved as if putting something away. Even if not a wallet, it had felt like they had to put up something.

Unconcerned by their actions, Regis bit his lip as an agonized expression crossed his face.



'If only I could, I would offer to pay the ramen's value with my own hands, but He has already decided to take on the commitment so that if I were to act in such a way, I would end up committing an act of severe disrespect. Aahh... What would be appropriate? Regis K. Landegre, think! You must!'

Immersed in his thoughts, Regis ceased biting his lip and clenched both fists. Drops of perspiration formed and flowed down his forehead until he looked truly distressed.



"If this is the case, I will offer to use the kitchen in this place to prepare ramen for everyone."

Seira's efficient solution made Regis' face light up. Since it was not a monetary question and Seira prepared the meals, he decided that the circumstances were different.



"Oh! That will do. If Seira used the kitchen to make..."



"Impossible!"

Right after the lunch lady's outright denial, Seira started to explain as if she had expected it.



"There is no need for concern. I have sufficient experience to prepare the previously ordered dishes; concerning the dishes and their tastes, I am receiving praise to exceed estimations."



"Pretty girl, what are you talking about? Students are not allowed to enter the kitchen. Where would we end up if students could come in and go out of the school kitchen as they pleased?"



"Ah, is that so?"

At a loss about what to do after her definite refusal, Seira inclined her head, and Regis' face fell in disappointment. The lady, on the other hand, could only contemplate how strange these foreigners were.



"Haha..."

The kids giggled uneasily at the current state of things. Then, as though an idea had suddenly hit him, Ikhan shot his mouth open.



"Ah~ Then how about we asked the chairman to take the bill?"

This had Regis' face brighten up again.



'Right! That's it. Since the chairman owns this place... then this whole property belongs to the possession of his master, Rai-nim. It's just natural! This way, there arises no problem at all!'

Now that she had listened to the kids talk for a while, the lunch lady frowned.



"This stubbornness, why do I have to..."

But the woman could not finish what she had said in annoyance.

[Hwaaa~]

The lunch lady as well as the kids saw an intense flare emerge from Regis' body. This force put the woman's annoyance to rest at once, and the foreboding feeling that she would have to grant it to them now grazed her mind. With a little sigh, she turned to Suyi.



"Haa~ How tiresome, can't you just let that celebrity pay the bill instead of stubbornly..."

[Hwaaa~]

The moment Regis' eyes fell upon her,



"Wa... wait a second."

She hastily picked the phone to call someone. They seemed to tell her something whereupon she soon hung up. With a different expression than up until now, she curiously inspected the children.



"This was nothing to concern the chairman about. As soon as the secretary heard the matter, from his side came the question of how much was he supposed to give. It seems like you're quite close to the chairman."



"Puaha~ Well, guess we are,"

Shinwoo and Ikhan answered simultaneously under their laughter. Where would there be students that frequented their chairman's house almost daily and were allowed to treat his place as though it was their own living room, even using his kitchen and refrigerator more often than their own?

Now that everything had been resolved and they could finally have their ramen lunch, the lot of them had grown much more relaxed.



"Hey girls! What, you're buying food?"

Some girls from their class approached Suyi and Yuna from the side.



"We ordered ramen 'cause Rai said he would pay for us..."



"Ha~ Shinwoo said he'd pay for lunch, but then he forgot his wallet. That is why Rai did

so.”

The girls were surprised by what they had heard.



“What, Rai’s paying? Great! Rai, you’ll pay for us, too?”



“Right. Pay for us, too, won’t you? We won’t pick anything expensive.”

Their reaction made Suyi and Yuna look hard-pressed for a moment.



“Hey. You...”

[Nod]

Rai nodded his answer without any thought and made the girls rejoice.



“What’s up with you? Only paying for girls?”



“Don’t discriminate...”

When they had seen this, the boys from their class rattled loudly while surrounding the group from behind.



“What? You said Rai will pay?”



“Yeah, I heard so.”



“Really? Rai, for us too, right?”

As though it was nothing, Rai nodded again, and the boys were floored as well. That was where the problems started. Now even the kids from their class who had already taken their seats in the lunchroom all crowded around this spot.

Mass mentality led them to gather around Rai’s group because they wanted to get close to them, and some people brought their friends from other classes with them. In an instant, the counter to order food was perfectly packed by their class.

All the students in the lunchroom sent envious looks at this sight, not for being bought free food but because the class could assemble this loudly to chat and socialize with each other.

As the number of children multiplied within a brief timespan, Regis glanced at Rai whereupon Rai gave him a slight nod. Understanding what had been meant, Regis spoke up.



“Attention, everyone!”

His voice sounded throughout the whole room.



"Today, Rai-nim, who honors us with his presence, has declared that he will grant everyone within the lunchroom the favor to partake of a sufficient amount of classical style ramen. Make sure that you convey the appropriate gratitude."



"Ooooooooooh~!!"

As he ended, the kids yelled and cheered.



"Say a word!"

As Regis stepped aside, Rai slowly moved forward and halted at an appropriate location. Without any expression, he looked out everyone. Even the kids who had been chatting loudly instantaneously fell dead silent, and the sound of cooking within the room grew still as well. Rai's mouth opened slowly.



"Ramen."

Exactly one word, bursting with charisma.



"Wooooooooooooow~!"

Surprisingly, the whole hall burst into cheers. Who could have made one word like "ramen" breathe with such an intense radiation? Regis trembled with emotion, and Ikhan and Shinwoo joined in their friends' shouts with both fists stretched into the air.



The chairman's office:

[beep~]

The office phone rang. Frankenstein quit examining some paperwork and stretched out his hand to press a button.



"What is the matter?"



"Chairman, the team captain of the special security department, Ahn Deachil, is calling,"

came the polite voice of a young woman through the hands-free speakerphone.



"Please put him through."



"Of course."

With her answer, the straight voice of a man could be heard.



"Chairman, good afternoon. This is Ahn Deachil."

His voice, by its sound alone, was rough enough to constrict any conflict, but Frankenstein answered him carrying a smile.



"Captain Ahn. Good afternoon. Is there a reason you called?"



"Either way, this had to be reported to you in person."

The change in Ahn Deachil's voice caused the atmosphere to grow heavy. When he heard it, Frankenstein also felt the foreboding of grave developments.



"Tell me the details."



"It's... a terribly ugly situation arose... that's why I am reporting the events."

Frankenstein's face hardened.



"An ugly situation?"

Frankenstein asked again as Ahn Deachil hesitantly fell silent for a moment.



"The situation arose as follows: although lunchtime ended, the school bell rang and class began, we were told that no students had returned to their classrooms."

Frankenstein's eyes began to glare.



"None of them?"



"Yes, sir. When the teachers informed us about the matter, we moved out to investigate, and the report we heard was nothing but unbelievable."



"What kind of report...?"

Frankenstein urged to know.



"Chairman, do not be shocked. We were reported that the students..."



"Hmm..."



"In occupation of the school cafeteria, they were holding a frenzied ramen party."



"..."

At something this unexpected, for a moment, Frankenstein had no answer.



"I see you are shocked, but do not worry too much. On this account, we, the special security department, immediately moved out and, bringing the situation under control, sent all the students safely back to their classrooms within 15 minutes. It was a party of such a large scale that the whole school participated... Huuuh~ Really, I get dizzy just thinking about it."



"..."



"Chairman?"



"..."



"Oh... I see you really are shocked, but don't be too much. We will put to sleep any disgraceful events to arise from now on, hahaha~"

The only sound audible in the office was Ahn Deachil's confident laugh.

Thread: Noblesse S Translations

 forum.egscans.com/threads/7350-Noblesse-S-Translations/page4

1.

Chapter 3: Shadows (1)

The extensive office appeared to be used solely for conferences, and no lights were on as thirty men orderly stood in the dark room. All of them were extremely clean cut, dressed in black suits with white shirts and neckties, but they seemed to carry themselves like highly trained soldiers.

They all stood at ease, but their faces differed from ordinary people. With their large and small scars, their eyes that sharply stared forward, and their tightly shut mouths, they gave the impression that they were no common men.

Respectively, they bore distinct features and remarkable appearances. Their spirits, too, were something normal people could never possess. One man, dressed in the same clothing, rested in a chair before them with his pose relaxed and his legs crossed.

He looked as though he was in his forties and had compressed, full lips, a sturdy neck, cropped hair, and a long scar, which ran over his head and down to the lines of his thick muscles that, despite his suit, showed on his chest and arms. Among all those present, this man exuded the strongest will.

He looked over everyone as he began his speech.



"You all know the reason why we have gathered here today,"

he said in a low and deep tone of a voice that sounded about as uncommon as he looked, and the scores of men before him braced themselves as he started to speak.



"We are shadows. Although we tread one step behind the magnificent light, we are the guardians that protect it. This is our pride, our tacit rule. But... something is trying to disintegrate this tacit rule of ours."

A furious aura began to emerge from the listening men. Raising slowly from his chair, the man stood confidently before all of them.



"At the end of a lengthy consideration, I adjudged that we cannot protect with things being as they are. Today... we will receive definite approval."

Chack.

As one, the men gave a military salute.



"Faith!"

The men's shout resonated in the office.

Yeran High School's chairman's office.

Rustle~ rustle~

Only the quiet sound of the turning of pages could be heard in the office. Arriving early for work, Frankenstein always began the morning by sitting on his chair with a cup of hot tea and reading the reports that lie well organized on his desk.

Tock tock~

At that instant, someone knocked.

A young woman entered upon opening the door. She was around 1.70 m with tidily knotted hair, sharp glasses, and a two-piece suit that was in the classic office style. Approximately in the second half of her twenties, she was a young and beautiful, slightly cold-looking woman, and with the very image of businesslike politeness, she greeted him with a slight bow.



"Chairman, the team captain, Ahn Daechil, is here to see you."



"He is?"

Frankenstein was surprised.

The former soldier, Ahn Daechil, was the leader of Yeran High's special security department. He held an impressive military, where he had actively served as a mercenary in war torn areas for a long time. When he prepared to leave the service, he and his whole team were recruited by Frankenstein, and unlike common private security services, Ahn Daechil and the special security he led were composed of fighters with actual combat experience.

Although he had a tendency to avoid people, Ahn Daechil carried out the work given to him as diligently as he had as a soldier. Frankenstein trusted his discernment and had entrusted him with everything concerning the security department.

Since then, although employed by Frankenstein, he had almost never seen him in person, and the instances he had within one year could be counted on one's fingers. Therefore, if he did not have to meet Frankenstein at all cost, further encounters would not take place. That this man would visit like this, without an appointment, was definitely strange.



"He said that he regrets coming here without an appointment, but he definitely has to see you, Chairman, for an important conversation, which concerns several details regarding the special security department that need to be handled as special items."

At her report, Frankenstein nodded to her.



"Since the particulars regarding the security department take time in correlation to their relation with the students' safety, we'll handle them as a priority. Would you lead the team captain inside?"



"As you wish. Then, I'll postpone all appointments scheduled for today from now on by one hour."



"Yes, please."

Just as she had entered, she left with a slight bow. Not much time had passed before she returned, accompanied by someone else.



"I brought the team captain for you."

With his tough-looking body type, his height at about 175cm, and his dangerous aura, it was the man from the dimly lit office, Ahn Daechil.



"Then."

*Once more, the woman bowed as she left.
Facing Ahn Daechil with a smile, Frankenstein rose from his chair.*



"Good morning, Team Captain."

Ahn Daechil bowed before him with a high politeness that contradicted his aura.



"Chairman, good morning. Have you been well?"

He greeted in a deep, rough voice.



"Am I not always? Haha,"

Frankenstein gave him a lenient smile and indicated towards the sofa in the center of the office.



"First of all, take a seat."

Ahn Daechil took a place there, and Frankenstein, too, moved over to sit down.



"You only occasionally come to visit me like this. You're hardly an outsider, but it seems terribly difficult to see your face."



"Haha... Are these kinds of affairs for people like me? We are just dedicated to our work. Although, I would have had to meet with you from time to time, Chairman, to offer you greetings..."



"You don't need to be concerned about that. It is best do it in a way you feel comfortable, Ahn Daechil. Now, what is the matter? That Team Captain Ahn would visit me in person like this..."

Frankenstein asked in bemusement since, Ahn Daechil had never before come a single time in such a manner. Ahn Daechil laughed bitterly.



"..."

Still, he looked silently at the indulgent, smilingly Frankenstein and answered,



"Chairman, I am someone who respects you."

Despite Ahn Daechil's sudden confession, Frankenstein remained unconfounded and smiled complacently.



"That you think of me this highly, Ahn Daechil—thank you."

Ahn Daechil shook his head.



"This is not a meaningless pleasantry. I, who understand little apart from the field to which I belong, at least know how the world works. Didn't you use your own money to install the special security department to protect the students' safety? That's not all. From the facilities that convenience the students within the school to the amount of support, Yeran High School could never maintain this standard by the tuition fees alone. If you thought of the school as a way to earn money, you could not manage it in this way; I know that much. A chairman who exerts himself this much, not solely for the sake of his profit but for the children and the school, hardly exists. Although you are younger than I am, Chairman, in many ways, I do admire you."

Feeling the sincerity in these words, Frankenstein showed a faint smile.



"When we tell others about high school special security, they are bewildered about what kind of department we are. People from our former field of work laugh at us, but we have a sense of duty and work diligently. Without you, Chairman, the work we do in this place most likely would not even exist. Although my subordinates and I have lived a rough life with blood on our hands, we take pride in displaying our skills to protect children under someone like you, Chairman."

Frankenstein nodded. He knew how unobtrusively they worked in stony silence for the

children's safety.



"The entire special security department excessively exerts themselves for the school and its students. I am, likewise, aware of it."



"Thank you for your acknowledgment. Since you personally hired us, Chairman, you would know better than anyone, but we, the special security department, are different from simple security guards. We receive recognition in our business circles. I'm confident that the special security formed from us holds the top competence within our country. We former mercenaries are now Ye Ran High School's shadows that protect the students whom are its light—we are guardians."



".."

As Ahn Daechil began to indulge in the emotion in his words, his body shivered as if set ablaze by his sense of duty. He looked very proud. His eyes and tightly closed mouth, his unsteadily moving, burning chest—it was the devotion of Yeran High School's guardian.

Frankenstein stared blankly at him. Ahn Daechil closed his eyes for a moment and trembled as the emotional feeling washed over him.

~ Tock tock

The knocking sound brought Ahn Daechil back to his senses. The woman from before entered with a bow and brought in tea on a tray. She set tea cups on the table in front of the sofas. From the moment she had come in, Ahn Daechil seemed to have grown nervous, and his cheeks flushed when she stood close to set down his cup.



"Hum..."

At this sight, a faint groan escaped Frankenstein's lips. Ahn Daechil's heart fluttered until the moment before she departed, and only after she left the room with another salutation did he slowly unwind.



"Hm, hm... Chairman. Where was I again?"



".."

After vacantly watching him for awhile, Frankenstein opened his mouth.



"Guardians."

Ahn Daechil nodded as though it had returned to him.



"Ah, right. Since you hired us in person, Chairman, you would know this better than anyone, sir, but we, the special security department, are no simple security guard enterprise. As people who are praised in our former business circles..."



"You already said that."

At the sound of Frankenstein's words mingling with his own words, which awaited the rise of gentle feelings, Ahn Daechil tilted his head.



"Ah, is that so?"

In answer to his question, Frankenstein gave a poised nod.



"Yes, you finished everything until after the guardian part."



"Haha... is that so? Hm, hm... For this very team of ours, problems started to arise."



"Problems?"

Ahn Daechil's expression darkened.



"Yes. A while ago, everything we had up until now started to falter because of recent incidents, which could be called crucial..."

Frankenstein realized what Ahn Daechil was talking about.



"Ah, you're referring to what you called the 'ramen party.'"



"Yes, not the ramen party, precisely, but incident number 0341: Ramen Party Madness."

As Ahn Daechil corrected with dreary eyes and voice, Frankenstein clicked his tongue.



"Ah. That's it."



"To be honest, and this information is a special class secret within the special security department, but..."

Ahn Daechil whispered carefully to avoid any possible eavesdropping. At first sight, his appearance imparted the significance of the high class secret that he was about to tell.

Following him, Frankenstein also tensed.



"It's said that during the time of that incident, several guards from the special security department mixed with the kids—to eat ramen."



"..."

For a moment, Frankenstein couldn't find the words to say.



"It can't..."

Slowly, very slowly, very strenuously, Ahn Daechil nodded.



"It was those put in place from the very top. By you, Chairman. That trio."

Ahn Daechil started to sound agitated.



"Although it's absurd, I'm told that they joined the students, sat down, and just stuffed ramen into themselves like, slurp... Doubled portions, that is!!!"



"Ehm..."

Frankenstein uttered a long groan.

After he had included M-21, Takeo, and Tao in the special security department, he had expected a certain degree of confusion, but since they were reliably completing their actual work, so far there had been no problems. Still, now it seemed that they had utilized the commotion to consume ramen in the school cafeteria—and had been caught.



"Chairman, now that it has already come to this, their typical behaviour is not good, either."



"Hoo~ Is that so?"

Amusement showed on Frankenstein's face.



"Yes, sir. I mean, the guy who came first, he has avoided the other team members from the very beginning until now, and despite his well-known, fashionable looks, he plays the lone wolf. Doesn't he know he's nothing but a big outcast? He insufficiently controls that weighty aura of his, he fails to recognize his superiors, and he stares at everyone all the time... In particular, his expression is very wrong. If he wasn't such an outcast, it would be very strange to stare at people day in, day out like this... Isn't it so? Right, sir?"



"Haha..."

Recalling the image of M-21, Frankenstein laughed awkwardly. M-21 was definitely, from his aura to his eyes, cold as ice.



"That guy called Tao's attitude is very improper. A guy with the appearance of a woman... It's not just his appearance; he's always cracking jokes or playing around with the students... his surroundings are always loud and noisy because of him. For a special security guard to chat with the students or something...! Isn't it like this? Isn't it, sir?"



"Haha..."

Again recalling an image of Tao, Frankenstein laughed uncomfortably. Tao talked quite a bit, and his tendency to create mischief was rather troublesome.



"Although he's the least problematic, it's the same for Takeo's type. First of all, his hairstyle is inappropriate. Its length reaches his waist even though he ties it up. We have to be role models. To think that a special security guard ties up such incredibly long hair to spruce himself up... Isn't it so? Right, sir?"



"Haha..."

Also bringing Takeo's image to mind, Frankenstein laughed with embarrassment. In spite of having the least troublesome personality, Takeo's long ponytail stood out at his workplace.



"There is still the most important point of these problems. The students are far too interested in these three. With our position as the silent guardians that protect the students from behind, this causes difficulties. We are shadows. Still, the schoolgirls are apt to visit them at their workplace, or they will encamp the offices, the waiting room, or the front of the sports field. It means they tumultuously alter the surroundings in which we special security are to protect the children from inside the darkness. This is not all."



"..."

Staring right at Frankenstein, Ahn Daechil spoke again.



"Chairman. They are shaking the order."

Silence fell in the chairman's office for some time, and after indulging in thought for a while, Frankenstein nodded.



"I understand what you said. What would you like me to do?"



"Grant me absolute authority regarding the special security department, sir."

Frankenstein bent his head.



"Didn't I authorize you for everything concerning the special security division?"



"I mean, I am asking for the right to dispose of the three of them, too. I will examine them once more, and if they are unqualified to be members of the Yeran High School special security department..."

Ahn Daechils eyes sparkled. Frankenstein nodded.



"I see. I'll entrust you with everything, Team Captain Ahn."



"Thank you, sir."



"Of course. I delegate every matter related to the special security department to you, which includes this issue, as well. Naturally, it would be left to you."

Ahn Daechil looked touched by Frankenstein's words to the point that he was on the verge of tears.



"That you would trust me to this degree and empower me with this much... Chairman, thank you so much."

All of a sudden, Ahn Daechil stood up and lowered his head; at his behaviour, Frankenstein smiled awkwardly.



"This has taken too long already. You must be busy, Chairman, sir... Now that my business is finished, I think I'd better get going."

Frankenstein, too, raised from his seat.



"Alright. From now on, please visit from time to time even if you can't find a particular reason."



"Haha~ Even if you're just saying that, thank you, sir."

Laughing under his farewell, Ahn Daechil left the room.

Frankenstein made his way to his desk and took seat on his chair.



“ ”

After being engrossed in his thoughts for awhile, he reached out with his hand and pressed one button on his phone.

Beep~

Right after an electronic sound, Frankenstein requested,



“Would you tell those guys to come.”



“Yes, sir,”

the woman answered briefly when he only mentioned “those guys” as though she was accustomed to it.

Tock, tock, tock~

Ahn Daechil was walking down a hallway. For a while, the one who took the role as his attendant, his faithful subordinate, Park Taeshik, was following beside him.



“Kekekeke.”

Ahn Daechil’s laugh was dark.



“The talk seems to have gone well, Team Captain.”

Ahn Daechil nodded to his words.



“Exactly. Now that I have officially obtained approval, I really think that these abnormal incidents will be history.”

Beside him, Park Taeshik’s mouth formed an icy smile, but he quickly wiped it off it and handed out the documents he had been holding.



“This report suddenly came up a little earlier.”



“Yes?”

Still walking, Ahn Daechil took the file and flipped it open. After reading a little while, he stopped mid-step. His face had hardened severely.



“Is it certain?”



"Yes, sir. They said they definitely heard it in person."

Ahn Daechil's mouth twitched at his answer.



"Huhuhu... kekekeke..."

He tried to keep his laugh from breaking out with both hands, but there was no stopping his joy.



"Puahaha~!"

His tough laughter reverberated through the corridor but stopped at the sight of three people in the distance. M-21, Takeo, and Tao.

With sparkling eyes, he watched the three draw closer and closer, and a particularly strange tension began to rise as they approached. Once they had come a certain distance, all of them halted in their steps. Ahn Daechil disliked having to look up at them due to their difference in height. However, he carried a smile full of self-confidence.



"Hooo~ Where might our very respected guards be going?"

Instead of M-21 or Takeo, Tao answered with a bright laugh.



"Haha~ The chairman has called for us."



"Is that so?"

Ahn Daechil nodded. Whatever the case, it looks like our splendid chairman summoned these three to keep up with the multiple problems they caused. That he would react this frighteningly fast after hearing about it... Really, you could only call it a great drive. Our chairman is truly working hard.



"Right. Tao, Takeo—keep up your work."

Then his glance shot to the one standing wordlessly beside them, M-21.



"Ya, Ishi. You too."



"?"

This name seemed to confuse M-21 for a moment. Beside him, Takeo and Tao were the same. As he watched the three perfectly puzzled people before him, Ahn Daechil started to

snicker.



"Are you surprised that I found out your name? Hey, Ishi. If you want it to be kept secret, you have to be careful."

He indicated in the direction of Tao and Takeo with his chin while he was speaking.



"When those guys call you, they'd have to be careful, that is."



"..."

Ahn Daechil passed by the three that still stood vacantly as though they were unable to understand. Feeling their eyes on his back, his own eyes glowed.



"Kekeke... You'd be curious how I found out. No matter how hard you tried, it's impossible to find. In the end, when people think they protect themselves, they end up living their lives trembling anxiously. Puahaha~!"

Ahn Daechil burst into a laugh that resounded in the corridor.

They watched the man, still roaring with laughter, until he receded, and they turned towards M-21.



"Ishi? Your name's Ishi?"



"..."

When Takeo asked, M-21 couldn't give any answer because he didn't actually understand it himself, either. Ahn Daechil had been bursting with such extreme self-confidence when he stated this name for him that it even made him wonder whether or not it could really be his actual lost name. Thinking carefully about Ahn Daechil's words, Tao said,



"Considering what he said just now, it seems like he heard something we said... And we call him leisurely 21 (Ishibil), after all."



"That's it,"

With a nod, Takeo also agreed with Tao, but both Tao and Takeo still hesitated a moment. M-21's expression had turned uneasy.

Ishibil.



"..."

A long silence fell upon the three. Tao hastily tried to change the mood.



"The.. then why would the chairman call us so suddenly?"



"Don't know... For... for now let's go see him."



"..."

Tao and Takeo picked up their steps again, and only M-21 still stood vacantly in the corridor.

The chairman's office.



"..."

M-21, Tao and Takeo were standing with sweat on their faces. The instant they had entered the office, they had sensed a mighty aura; this aura made them nervous. Their eyes fell on Frankenstein, more precisely, on the back of his chair.

quiiiiieeeek~

As the chair turned with an odd noise, Frankenstein appeared seated on it. This sight and the atmosphere made the three of them tense up all the more. Staring at them with an expressionless face, Frankenstein opened his mouth.



"You..."



"Yes, sir?"



"Yeah?"



"Ehm..."

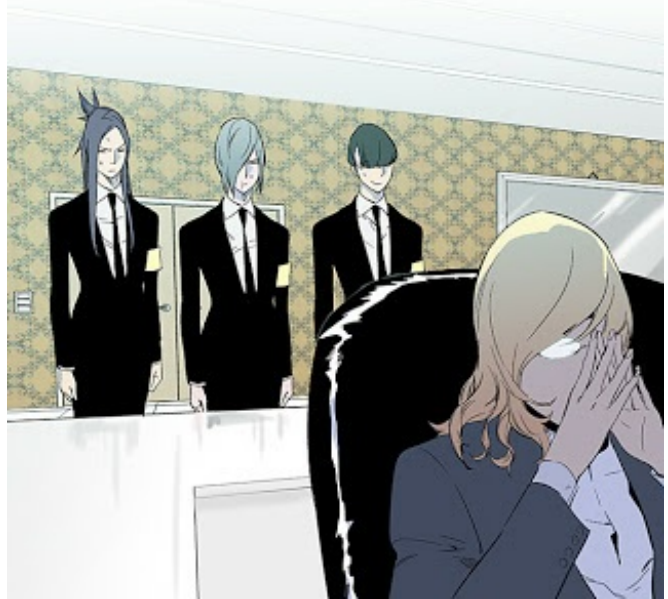
Tao, Takeo, and M-21 unintentionally answered in unison.



"...were in the school cafeteria where you got caught noisily eating ramen?"



"..."



The three had nothing to say, and only their cold sweat ran, falling down in cascades. Frankenstein only watched them serenely... very serenely. At some time, Tao hurriedly stepped forth to resolve the situation.



"No, sir; see, it was this way, Chairman. Would you let me explain, sir? I mean, how things ended up this way. It was while we were heading for the cafeteria when..."

Tao's ornate speech started in this manner. Once it went off, it continued with no end. The lass gifted speakers, Takeo and M-21, were still covered in sweat and only cheered for Tao inwardly,



"This... that... here.. there..."

whose tongue right now was dancing through the office's air.